

P O E M

ON THE

Italian Woman

Lately come into ENGLAND;

Who Sings at the MUSICK-HOUSE in YORK-BUILDINGS.

WHAT elevating Notes are these I hear !
A Voice ! or is't the Musick of the
(Sphere ?

A Charm unusual the rapt Thought does bind ;
Thought ever till this Moment unconfid ;
Yet happier now in the Restraint is found :
So wisely knows this Charmer how to wound.

Sleep All ye Instruments, the trembling Lute,
The cheerful Hoboy, and soft-sounding Flute :
The Trumpet too and Viol now be still,
Tho' both so well betray their Master's Skill,
That This can speak, and That's no longer shrill,

Something Sublimer now, and more refin'd
Than these, strikes the glad Sense, and wings the
(Mind ;

Pleasures unknown before it does impart,
That warm the Spirits and dissolve the Heart.
Methink's the Air's Perfum'd, while all around
The little Atoms fly to catch the sound.

sure the charm'd Soul anticipates her Bliss,
For ne'er was heard below a Strain like this.
Tis then the Language of some pitying Saint,
Who with the Joys of Heav'n does Earth acquaint.
'How blest are we ! Alive to taste of Heav'n,
Which is not before Death to others giv'n !)

The ravish'd World lends an Attentive Ear,
You'd never speak, so it might always hear.
'ot softest Whispers interrupt their Bliss ;
Il talk is out of tune and time but This.
pplause it self's suspended ; for 'twou'd wrong
the listning Ear, and dies upon the Tongue :
nd that minutest Noife may have no part,
me is not beaten with the Hand but Heart.

Thus without mixture to the Sense it flies ;
And every Note's a stab before it dies.

See, see th' Effect 't has wrought, how All appear
So much like that (alas) which once they were,
All Tender, Innocent, Serene, and Mild
As sleeping Seas, or the rock'd happy Child.

How gentle are the Thoughts which it inspires ?
What inward Bleedings, languishing Desires ?
The cruel Nymph who never yet did give
Her dying Swain one Look to bid him live ;
All softn'd now by the prevailing Sound,
She sighs, and pants, insensibly grows kind,
And meeting his fond Eye, she looks it blind.

But hold : A gentle Pause ; the Sacred Hymn
Is done ; and see where stands the sweet-tongu'd
(SERAPHIN.

How well is all our Expectation paid :
This is that dear enchanting *Latian Maid*
We all so wish'd for, Mistress to controul
Our Discord, and new-tune the Soul.

Welcome, thrice welcome, pretty *Chanticleer*,
That dost so sweetly usher in the Year :
Tho' methought all the while I heard Thee sing,
It was not Winter with us, but the Spring.

Here, PHOENIX, build thy Nest ; but ever live,
For we'll not trust thy Ashes to revive.

F I N I S.